one of the few which strikingly resemble the object for which it is named. It is a conspicuous circlet of stars

just east of Bootes. The ancient Greeks called if Stepha-

nos, meaning a wreath. Old Greek and Latin poets also

called it the Crown of Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos, who gave Theseus the clue to the Labyrinth.





This Day in Our History

TEIS is the anniversary of the new work-lamous feat of Benjamin Franklin in 1752 in proving that lightning and electricity were the same. The results of his simple experiment with a silk kite made his name known all over Europe. He was made a member of the Royal Society, London, and received the Copley medal.

Our Neighbors

Do You Put Yourself Out to Be

Nice or Do You Simply Ex-

By Loretto C. Lynch.

well, I simply don't like them at

She was a childless woman in

good circumstances. She had lived

in the neighborhood about two

years. Her husband was away

traveling a large part of the time.

with Mrs. B .- ?" I asked a few of

no time for her. No matter what

happens, her household schedule

Then I began to understand. Some

kindly neighbors auggested the ad-

vantages of clubbing together for

canning and preserving, but Mra.

More than one neighbor recalled

the night last Winter poor old Mrs.

Martin died. Her two young grand-

daughters ran in for our friend

Mrs. B ... But it was too cold to go out that night!

Then the neighbor on the other side of her had a misfortune. Her

nusband was severely injured while

working and she ran into Mrs. S. requesting her to tare for her two young babies while she nurried to

"But I'm not used to bables: 1

Oriental

**Turbans** 

The Enterprising Girl

Can Make One

at Home.

By Rita Stuyvesant.

HE girl who is looking for a

soit will find the new Oriental tur-

ban just the thing. Both becoming and unusual, those unique turbans

have gained such popularity that

the millinery shops are showing

them in a great variety of culors

Oriental models that are like a

breath from Egypt, semi-harem

ones that remind you of the Turk-

ish ladies, and others that are copied

from the Red Cross head dress.

Navy blue georgette crepe is in the

lead at present, although this color

is frequently combined with white

laune and sand to provide a more

ner of this type at home, and it can

be made quite inexpensively. Select

a turban shape of buckram that is

becoming Sometimes a round too

Inche beider, white a lives prefer the

source kind. The shape most fit

senig to the head, but seculd ne

Take time when choosing the

rance because on if rests the en-

ire success of the turban. Next

eyer it with a large circle of blue

conceptie for all's and cotton craps

to chine ! Draw it smoothly across

the too turning the surplice ma-

terial underneath in tiny please

summery appearance.

orefortable.

and styles.

novel little hat to wear with

her silk dresses or tailored

the neighbors I knew well.

cannot be interrupted."

B-didn't relish the plan.

"Why are you so unneighborly

"She's so selfish we simply have

the neighbors-and they,

# The Wolves of New York

A STORY OF LOVE AND MYSTERY

# Harold, With Aid of the Affable Fleetwood, Recovers From Accident and Goes to Bedside of Dying Mother

Part One-(Continued)

"Mr. Borradale has met with a alight accident." The two women, who had come out on to the stairs, could hear the easy accents of the could hear the easy accents of the good Samaritan as he addressed the footman. "I was luckily able to help him. With Mrs. Lierradale's permission, I will assist him to his room and attend to him. Ah!" He glanced up as Eather appeared in the hall. "There is nothing to be alarmed about, I assure you." He addressed her with a frank smile. "Mr. Borradale had an upset in a cab, and has cut his head slightly with the glass. He is feeling a trifle faint, but it will pass."

Harold had sunk down upon a

Harold had sunk down upon a hall chair. His eyes traveled from face to face, and settled upon Eather. "Eather, I am very sorry," he

muttered.

The footman appeared more con-

The footman appeared more con-cerned than suspicious. He was the only man servant in the house, the others having been allowed to take their holidays.

Esther, pale but self-possessed, gave a few quick orders to Lillian. She hardly glanced at Harold. She could not set a part to him. To the stranger she snoke. the stranger she spoke.

"I cannot thank you enough," she said. "You have been most kind to my husband and to me." She thought that she should allow him to take his departure now, but without him she felt nitifully help-

Should I send for a doctor?" she

"Ob, no," he laughed lightly.
"There is realy no need for such a course. If you will allow me still further to assist you I will under-take to make Mr. Borradule quite comfortable and see to it that he is able to continue his journey is able to continue his journey this evening. I am a doctor, though

this evening. I am a doctor, though not in regular practice."

"Oh, is it possible" asked Esther. gratitude springing to her eyes, "that we may be able to go on tonight?" It is so important that we should do so, and I have been wondering what we could say to account for the delay. You think Mr. Borradale will be well enough?"

Applicant Sebers Harold.

Accident Sebers Harold.

"I'm all right," muttered the injured man. His accident-he had indeed been thrown from a cabsobered him, and he understood the position. He spoke now as if to disarm the footman's sus-cions. "A bit of a shock, cut my head, you see a wash and a rest, change my clother—we'll take a late train. Don't worry about me." His articulation was thick and the sentences jorky. He made an ef-

sentences jorky. He made an ef-fort to move, but the stranger re-strained him.

There was a bedroom, a small spare room, on the ground floor, and it was to this that Borradale was led. Esther and Lillian with-drew to the study and waited. Then for the first time that day Lillian attempted to say words of

"Cheer up, Esther," she said,
"Or we shall be having you looking ill, too. If what this doctor
says is true we shall be able to
get to Helm without great delay.

The leaves we shall be able to It is luck we lost no time in leaving Menaggio.'

ing Menaggio."
"I have been shamed and de-based." murmured Esther, great tears springing to her eyes, "and it is Harold who has made me ashamed. What shall I do What hope is there for him and for me? I love him Lillian—she was argu-ing against the resentment which was in her for the insult to her pride, trying to stiffe her disgust—"but Harold is not Harold how cane it be the same."

And Lillian could give sympathy

but no hope. She knew that the Harold whom Esther loved could never be restored to her; at best the present degraded Harold might ne a moody, morone man guch as his father was, no mate for a bright girl who, in spite of trou-bles endured, desired light, laughter and love and how shall a woman give her love when, once accepted, it has been thrown back to her?

Esther was still sobbing softly when the footman entered with a note which had evidently been has-tily penciled in the dining room upon Borradale paper.

Stranger In Solicitous,

Mr. Borradale so the letter stated-was resting comfortably; by the evening he would, in all probability, be able to travel. Notaing more could be done at present. The writer would be happy to re-turn, if permission was granted him to do so, to give further attention to his patient. Perhaps Mrs. Borradale would see him for a few momenta before he left? The let-ter was signed "Basil Fleetwood" Certainly Estiner would see Mr. Fleetwood. She dried her eyes and hade the footman show Mr Fleetwood into the study. When the nan had gone she showed the let-

r to Lillian.
"The name is quite unknown to me," she said, "yet there is somehing about the man which seems familiar I don't know if it is his eyes, or his voice, or what. He must be like some one I have seen, or I'm quite certain I have never him before."
Pleetwood entered. He had

a brusque manner, but a bright smile which counteracted it. Lillian took careful stock of him, for, though she said nothing, she, too, had a vague sense of acquaintance with this stranger. Yet, as with Either, the name was wholly un-familiar to her. Certainly she was agreeably impressed. The man was indoubtedly a gentleman, he held imiself well, and his clothes fitted rank and honest. His hair was black and abundant He may have been thirty-five years of age of feered to disturb you. Mrs. Borradaie, he said, taking the

chair which Lilian proffered him chair which Lilian proffered him. "I know that you are in trouble, apart from that which you have undergone today. You mentioned that you were traveling to the dealbhed of your hurband's mother. I am pleased, as I need hardly say, that I have been of some little assistance to, you, and if you will permit me to return, say, about six o'clock, I am quite convinced that I can persuade Mr. Borradale to continue his journey, and that he will be in a condition to do so," he added meaningly.

Thanks Him for Kindness.

Thanks Him for Kindness, Esther accepted the offer without undue hesitation. "I won't pretend that I do not wish you to return," she said softly, "because it is evident that we are very helpless, my friend and I. Without you I don't know what we should have done. You have been more than good to us, and I cannot thank you sufficiently."

os, and I cannot thank you sun-clently."

She would have said more, but he interrupted her.

"Let me be of further service to you." he said, "That is the best thanks I ask for." There was no implied familiarity in the words.

The man's attitude was perfectly The man's attitude was perfectly

"I owe you some explanation." fallered Eather. She felt that she failered Eather. She felt that she must in some way account for excuse, if possible—Harold's behavior. "I teld you that my hushand had been ill: we should not have travelled if it had not been for his mother's seigure."

"Your husband gives me the increasion of a man who has suffered."

"Four husband gives me the im-pression of a man who has suffered a terrible shock," said Fleetwood bluntly, "and who has in conse-quence turned to stimulants. May I speak my mind? I usually make a practice of doing so." "Pray do," faltered Esther. You are right in your assumption. Mr. Rogradie was a most temporate

Borradale was a most temperate man—till a few weeks ago," "Quite so. I thought as much, For some season he has been poison ing himself with alcohol. He took a little brandy in the hotel at the station-probably after abstaining during a long journey-from Italy, he tells me-and after that he prehe tells me—and after that he pre-sumably lost consciousness of what he was doing. He absolutely for-got that he had left you ladies waiting for him on the dock. He took a cab and drave to another har, where he had more to drink. I followed, but missed him.

I followed, but missed him.

Whished From Scene of Arcident.

"However, he is known, so I had no difficulty in tracing him. He drove about from place to place, almost purposelessly. It was just as he met with his accident that I came up with him. He fell as he was alighting from the heurom. The usual small crowd collected, with useless advice, and the rest of it. He seemed dozed, and apparent. He seemed dexed, and apparent it. He seemed dozed, and apparent
ly hardly knew what had happened.
I saw my opportunity, and took it.
I made my way through the crowd,
and presented myself as the friend
who had turned up unexpectedly.
I paid the cab and halled another.
Before the good people who had assembled had half realized what was happening-before Mr. Horradal-had realized it himself-I had pushed him into my cab and driven

interrupted Eather. "Oh, he's sleeping peacefully

Mr. Fleetwood gave a light laugh. his parting lips exposing white teeth. "He will be all right by 6 o'clock. He was fully conscious of his—his mistake, and I don't think he will yield to temptation again today. But you must watch him As you kindly allow me to do so, I will see you to the station and safely into your train. No doubt you will be met at the other end." "I will send a telegram at once." Said Esther. "There is a train "Good," said the doctor, rising

"Then I will return a little before 6. Do not let Mr. Borradale be disturbed till then. I have given his man servant certain instructions, and explained that everything is due to the blow on the head-abwhich, by the bye, there's nothing which, by the bye, there's nothing serious. You need not be under apprehension. Mrs. Borradaic, of anything leaking out—the whole incident may be forgotten."

"Thank you! Thank you!" cried. Eather. "I was terribly airaid of that. And" she hesitated "you think his mother will notice noth.

think his mother will notice noth ing no change in him."
Thus she know that he has acquired this habit."

Lnaware of Victors Habit. "No, oh, no! I would not have her know it for the world! I would been the worse for alcohol of he drinks no more. Of course, he looks III, but if she is a dying woman she may not notice that. I would take him and run that risk. It may have an excellent effect upon him-if he loves his mother."

the same advice that Lilian had given. Esther held out her hand. "I will do as you advise, she said. Then she added, with a half smile "Some people would say that you have acted quixotically. Dr. Fleetwood, but I am very grate

acted quixotically before now said, "and never regretted it." Then he bowed formally and went out. So it was that Mr and Mrs. Borradale, accompanied by Luilian, at

rived in due course at the Towers. In the hall of the Towers they were met by a nurse. She was apparently waiting with considerable agitation for the return of the car riage. "You must hasten," she said as soon as she caught sight of For-"The end is very near Will

on please come straight uperales (To Be Continued Monday.) (Copyright by W. R. Hearst.)

# Bernhardt and the Secret of Her Youth

"I Find It in Hard Work, Study and Young Companions," She Says.

Exclusive Photographs of the World's Most Fámous Actress and Her Granddaughter Lysiane, Through Whom the Great Tragedienne Says She Is Renewing Her Youth



By Margery Rex.

THERE is hardly a question about which the aesthetic philosophers have wrangled so long, so violently and so variously as the question of a standard of beauty. They have run the gamut of opinion from the rose-tinted maiden of seventeen to the ripened, intelligent charm of the woman of mature years.

These two types of beauty are personified in the wonderful charm and youthful spirit of Sarah Bernhardt, now seventy-three years old. who is still able to thrill audiences as she did in the zenith of her power fifty years ago, and the youthful beauty of her granddaughter and companion, Lysiane Bernhardt.

Artists who have been privileged to meet this nincteen-year-old daughter of Maurice Bernhardt, the son of Sarah Bernhardt, rave over the exquisite beauty of the girl. Not only is Lysiane Bernhardt beautiful but she is talented beyond her years. She has written several of the new one-act plays in which Mme. Bernhardt appeared last season. The critics were loud in their praise of "One of Them," in which Muse. Bernhardt appeared as a Red Cross nurse,

In an interview she said: "I owe my youth to the fact that I associate with young people and keep my thoughts young. When abroad I have my great grandchildren with me as much as I possibly can, and my grauddaughter, Lysiane, is my constant companion. In her life I am renewing mine. Work hard, study and have young companions is my recipe for youth.

Mme. Bernhardt has another granddaughter. Mrs. Raimonde Gross, and a great-grandson and great-granddaughter, the children of Mr. and Mrs. Gross.

# Please Appright, Sheplitz Studie

# Wartime

Try cottage cheese in these new recipes, tested by the United States Department of Agriculture You will like it and it will cut down your meat and ego bills.

More muscle building material to available in a pound of rettage cheese than in the same amount of either meut or eggs.

## Spiced Cheese Pudding.

Two slices state bread, leggs, is teaspoon suit, I cup milk, I cup coitage cheese, & tempoon sods, is eup sugar. % cup sceund riseas mace, & tempo-p croves Cut the bread in a cubes and Cut the bread into cuses and place in grams beating time item, the yolks and whites of the eggs separately litered with yolks the smilk, sant and Sige, and consider to which has been added the anda. Add the space and chapted contains and lastly fold in the staff, beaten whites four the mixture ever the

cubes of bread and pake like a cistard in a moderate oven.

If desired the white of one egg
may be benten separately, sweetened with one tablespoon of sugar, and spread over the top of the pudding ust before removing it from the

dry and flaky may be substituted

# Recipes for Puss in Boots Jr.

By David Corv.

of hord beats, and present to me made a king and his reconers, and when this king case from he gree very angry, for he was a wicked hing and loved to terment a cinute. "Hind this cat" he cried "He is

respansing on my domains? So the regainers bound poor little Puss hand and foot, and then one of them threw him across his eaddle and rode away with him, and by and by they came to a castie, where the King ordered Puss to be placed In a dungeon.

Now the keeper of the dungeon was a kind mun and when he saw Ditte Fusy Junior be felt so serry for him that he took him to his little cottage near by, and in the mornthe when the hing sent word to have fruse brought before him, the hind keeper whispered. "If the King be still angry, say to him: feklemas, micklemas" but do not let on that I told you."

So Puss went surroufully to the King, for he teared for his life, as the King was very cruel to animals us I told tour before: "Ha, ha," laughed his wicked

Royal Highness, "a cat with boots.

Thescendary in relations at 1 and these and no source age the words out of his mouth turn the King gives pule as death and his term mut-

tered this wire, wounded like hair or

But pretty soon the King grew even more angry than before, and he ordered his retainers to take Puss and throw him inth the sea. That will be a pleasant death,

laughed the King For a cal loves water," and he laughed again. for he didn't mean what he said at all, you know. For every one knows ow a cat hates to get wet. Well, when Purs found himself

about to be thrown into the sea. ne said to the King: "Throw a ring into the sen and I will get It again if you will primise to est me free. that this only made the King laugh And at last one of his courhis wish? "And then in took from his titlle finger a ring and threw it way out in the great blue ocean. "New leave me here alone," said trues. 'for if I fall I would diswithout your crue! eyes upon me." So the Kinz and his men went away, for they knew that Plays could

not escape. as there was a great

# Good-Night Series 'go stone wall all around the king-

ne materia elege und auchthe fines of the deep blue hos-Come and being the ring to me." And thee he waited anxiously,

exain:
Its there none mitting the sex.
Who will bring little ring to me?
And then, all of a souden a fish aware up to the shore and laid the ring on the sand. Then Puss pay, hastened back to the castle he said. "Let this cat up from for he

### Mysterious Lakes.

The riddle of Balkel, in Central Asia, is similar to that of Lake Tanganyika: is Central Africa. to both comes militage tody of fresh-Water remote from him ocean con-tains organisms apparently increas Hoth lakes again contain a very large number of species not round large minimier of speces int jugge elsewhere lishe status contains numerous silmon and scale as well as three species of herring. It also contains a lew mollusts of spieron the year, the animal ine is an accurately abundant and extred sermay be accounted for by the extain

# An Entertaining

Over this foundation swathe two long pieces of crepe, braided tomether loosely, and sew the graping A many blue creps furban might he intuined with blue and sand

prorperts twined together. Alight oning is needed to finish the ia-Bright red beads are seen now

and then on those turbans, and are most effective. They are used only where the entire hat is of the navy blue, and are sewed on at intervals of about an lock around the crows. Fringe, too, is being revived for wa ligures, was recently seen in navy georgette, with a row of navy of fringe hanging off the right side ike a broad tassel

may to use a crepe well that is ly-ing idle. If the well is not of the papellar dark blue, you can easily dye it. Make a firsten frontation of sand-color crede. Drage the blue yell over the hat, drawing it to a bunn's in thank. Fasted it and to the bunk. A pretty har pin is sometimed upon the bunk. A pretty har pin is sometimed upon the bunk. A pretty har pin is sometimed. No other infimming is used of these tures turbana

a rew one. This should be nem-stitched for you might edge th-old unit with parrow taffets ribbon an enaity made that emateurs all have an difficulty at all. They retered that there are quite in line will conservation, no try one of these Drients! turbane defore they

pect Others to Do So? I have to go shopping to-day. So, 66 VES. it is very pleasant around here—all except you see I really couldn't-although, of course, it's too bad about your

husband," was Mrs. B.'s icy reply. And when she received a puck age for a neighbor from the store it wasn't with any degree of de-

Gradually the neighbors began to check up. Why should they bother this aupremely selfish woman? If she decided to hang ner curtains in Tuesday afternoon and a neighbor scelved word that her beloved boy was on the essualty Ust. Mrs. B-

continued to hang her curtains. She sewed well, but always for erself. No young girl making ner first party dress dared ask ber for bit of nelp.

Then, too, she often "got the slues." Ho well planned was her whole household scheme, so litrie lime did she ever give to lending a helping hand, that the had lots of time for morbid thinking.

What might her husband be doing that very minute? Traveling spleamen had a bad reputation, and every one agreed that he was charming. And then she wished she lived in a "nice" neighborhood, where the neighbors were friendly and sociable and would be "nice" to

It is really strange how much some humans expect of the other fellow when their own contribution is practically nothing. She couldn't understand why Mrs. Smits. had almost every woman in that neighborhood doing a thousand and one things for her during the serious illness of her hurband.

Why, actually the neighbors did her canning and her sewing for her! They took furns at doing her laundry work for her. But Mrs. Smith had done the same a dozen times over She was not a slave to her bousehold. If a kind word or sympathetic act could help. Mys. Smith could "Lave off" right in the niddle of a chocolate case or a tancy bit of sawing.

Mrs. Smith cast Her bread upon the waters, and it came back to her a thousand fold when misfortune came to her door.

"City people are so distant and unfriendly. Oh, to be back in the country, where everyone is neighborly," we often hear. Now, of course, some people are naturally disagreeable, but the vast majority love companionship. And before we judge of the friendliness of the next door neighbor let us each ask ourselves, "Am f neighborly?"

There is nothing much more pleasant to think of than a neighcases where actions speak louder than tooks. Who cares wher -- the kind friendly neighbor is a fashionplate or just a woman with a plain gingham gown? Who cares whether her hair is curly or straight?

We cannot always help our appearance, but we can all cast our brend upon the waters and be heighboriy. We pass this way but

### ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN By BEATRICE PAIRFAX Why Not Tell Her?

DEAR MISS PAIRFAX: am nineteen and go about with a girl the same age. She' has been going about with a young man for two years-in the meantime with other young men. Not long ago I was introduced to the first man and he now wanteto take me about. Would you advise telling my friend, although I hate to make her feel had.

EVIDENTLY you are a loyal friend and have a proper regard for another girl. I certainly would not burt her by going our with a man for whom she may care deeply. On the other hand, since she accepts attention from otier young men perhaps he does not mean very much to her at all. Men have not the exclusive "propseries attitude toward girls who are merely their friends which girls kenorally have. If you like this how why not tell her and ask her if she minds" It, on the other hand, you are confin sure that she layer him as would be best perhaps jury to quietly refuse his invitation and say nothing about it. Perhaps you are making a mountsin out of a mole hill and would do best to accept the musculine this: Accept his invitation meraly as a little friendly incident and call their girl frie . " " you have